

2001: A SPACE  
ODYSSEY

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BASED ON CONCEPTS  
FROM THE MGM/  
STANLEY KUBRICK  
PRODUCTION



MARVEL® COMICS GROUP



BEGIN A NEW JOURNEY TO THE STARS-AND BEYOND!!

# 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY™

HE SOUGHT TO ESCAPE  
THE FUTURE--THE  
MONOLITH SHOWED  
HIM THE WAY!!



ENTER A STRANGE WORLD WHERE DREAMS--  
AND NIGHTMARES--COME TRUE! IN...  
**"NORTON OF NEW YORK!"**





STAN LEE PRESENTS:

# 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY™

BASED ON CONCEPTS OF THE MGM MOVIE BY STANLEY KUBRICK AND ARTHUR C. CLARKE

EDITED, WRITTEN,  
AND DRAWN BY

**JACK KIRBY**

INKED AND  
LETTERED BY:

**MIKE ROYER**

THIS IS THE MONOLITH!  
IT CAN REACH INTO THE PAST,  
PRESENT, AND FUTURE!  
--FOR YOU!... OR ME!!  
--FOR A JOURNEY UNHERALDED  
IN THE HISTORY OF MAN!

IT WILL MAKE A STRANGE  
FUTURE EVEN MORE  
BIZARRE, WHEN IT CHOOSES

## NORTON OF NEW YORK 2040 A.D.

I'LL  
FIND YOU,  
EARTHMAN!  
--AND WHEN  
I DO--!!

THIS HIDDEN  
LAIR IS ALIVE  
WITH HOSTILE  
ALIENS!



COLORS  
BY  
GLYNIS WEIN

ADMIRER  
BY  
ARCHIE  
GOODWIN

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IN THE YEAR 2040 A.D., COMICS HAVE REACHED THEIR ULTIMATE STAGE. THEY HAVE OFFERED AND BECOME A LIFE-STYLE FOR THE DESCENDANTS OF THE EARLY READERS. WHAT BEGAN WITH MAGAZINES, FANZINES, AND NATION-WIDE CONVENTIONS HAS CULMINATED IN A FANTASTIC INVOLVEMENT WITH THE PERSONAL LIFE OF THE AVERAGE MAN!

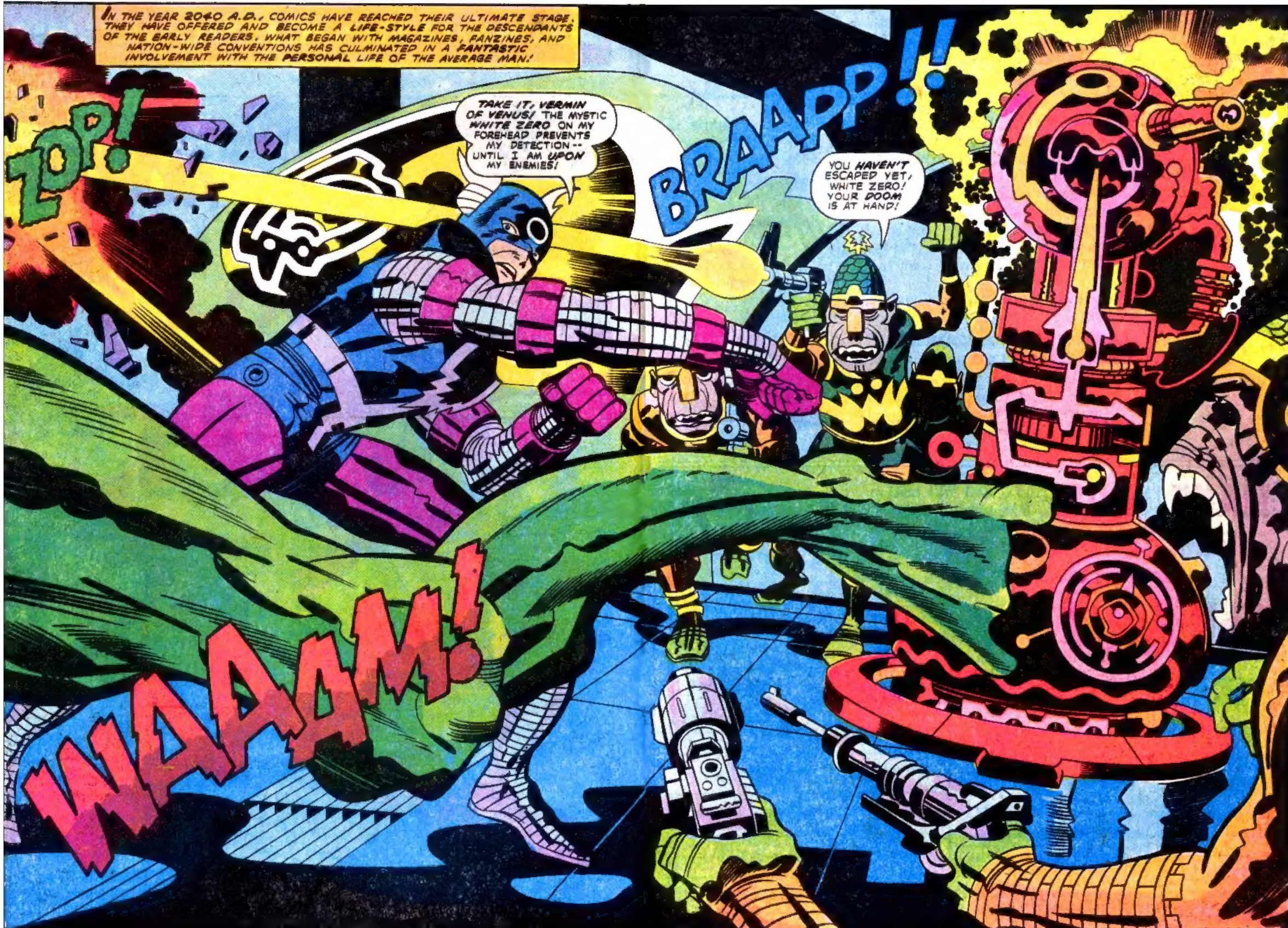
TAKE IT, VERMIN OF VENUS! THE MYSTIC WHITE ZERO ON MY FOREHEAD PREVENTS MY DETECTION-- UNTIL I AM UPON MY ENEMIES!

YOU HAVEN'T ESCAPED YET, WHITE ZERO! YOUR DOOM IS AT HAND!

BRAAPP!!

TOP!

WAAAM!





WHAT AN INDIFFERENT SOCIETY HAS SUPPRESSED IN THE HUMAN EGO HAS BEEN RELEASED IN THE TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY!



YOU'LL HAVE TO BE FASTER THAN THAT TO STOP THE WHITE ZERO!

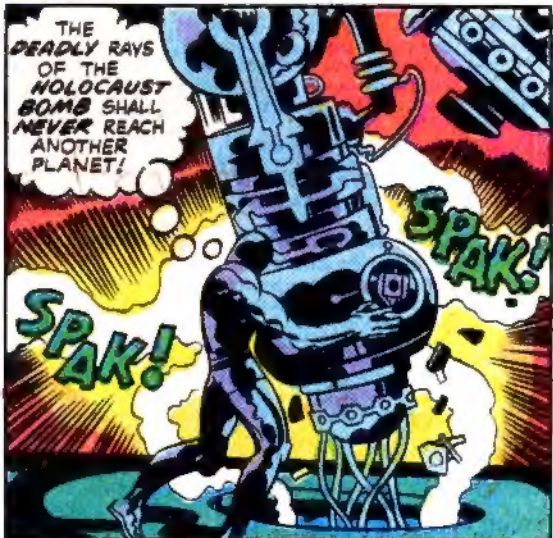
POW!

UGH! HE'S A TWO-FISTED DEMON!

THUS, THE WHITE ZERO FUNCTIONS! HE IS IMMACULATE IN CHARACTER -- THE LIVING SYMBOL OF PRIDE FOR THE MAN WHO WEARS THIS SECRET IDENTITY!



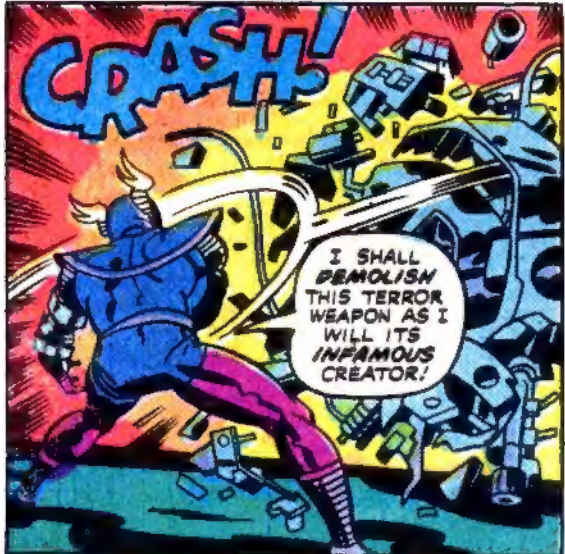
THE END OF MY TASK IS IN SIGHT! BUT, FIRST I MUST RID THE SOLAR SYSTEM OF ITS GRAVEST MENACE!



THE DEADLY RAYS OF THE HOLOCAUST BOMB SHALL NEVER REACH ANOTHER PLANET!

SPAK!

SPAK!



CRASH!

I SHALL DEMOLISH THIS TERROR WEAPON AS I WILL ITS INFAMOUS CREATOR!



AND, IN FAITHFUL ADHERENCE TO THE COMIC BOOK FORMAT, THE SUPER-VILLAIN NEVER FAILS TO APPEAR...

YOU'LL PAY DEARLY FOR THIS, WHITE ZERO! -- THE BEAUTIFUL PRINCESS ADORA IS IN MY HANDS!

DEATH MASTER! I-IT'S YOU!



IT IS EVER SO IN THE WORLD OF THE ADVENTURE HUNGRY! EVIL MUST BE CONQUERED AT ANY COST. JUSTICE, METED OUT IN FULL MEASURE, LEAVES NO DOUBTS THAT LIFE IS BALANCED AND SECURE...

HAHAHAH! DEATH MASTER ALWAYS HAS A TRUMP CARD TO PLAY! WHEN YOU DESTROYED THE HOLOCAUST BOMB, YOU LOST THE ONE DEAREST TO YOUR HEART!

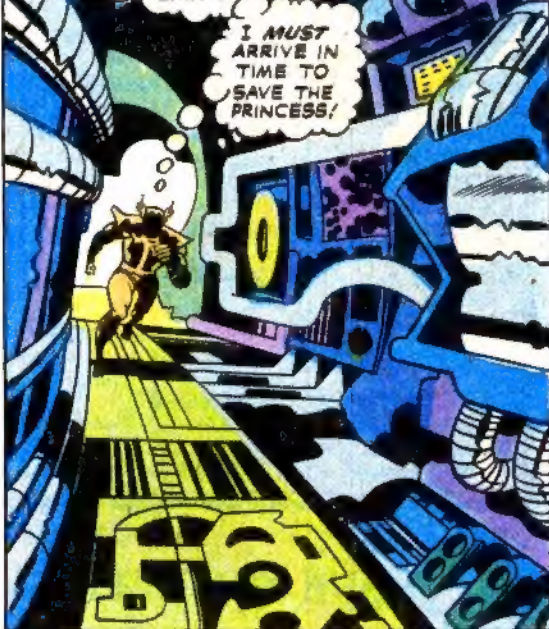
GALACTIC FIEND! YOU HAVEN'T WON, YET!



THE RACE AGAINST TIME IS INEVITABLE. EACH HERO STRAINS HIS EVERY FACULTY TO EFFECT THE LAST MINUTE RESCUE... IT IS A TIME-HONORED TRADITION!

MY MYSTIC WHITE ZERO SHALL LEAD ME TO THE VILLAIN'S LAIR --

I MUST ARRIVE IN TIME TO SAVE THE PRINCESS!

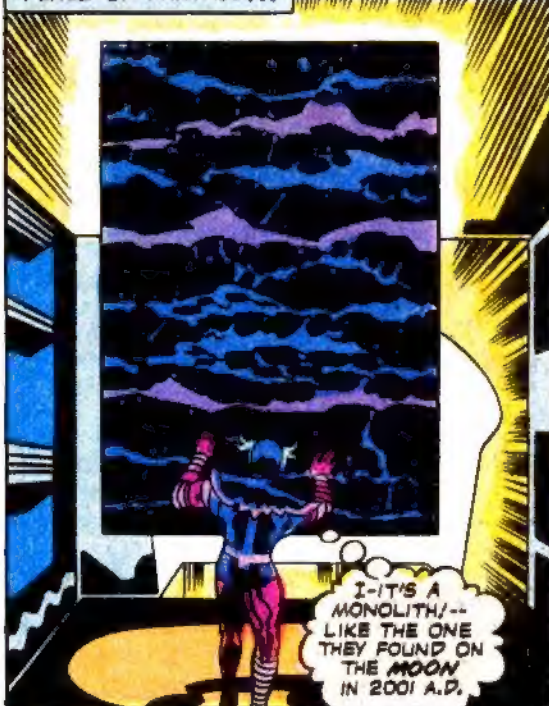


BUT, EVEN IN THE DIMENSION OF THE FANTASTIC, FATE IS PRESENT, WITH ITS SHARE OF SURPRISES. THE SUPERHERO WHO CALLS HIMSELF WHITE ZERO HALTS HIS HEADLONG RUSH TO CONFRONT THE UNEXPECTED!

W-WHAT IN BLAZES IS-- THAT!?



IF THERE IS A SCENARIO SOMEWHERE WHICH GOVERNS THE APPEARANCE OF THE MONOLITH, IT CANNOT BE FOUND ON EARTH. A GENUINE ALIEN INTELLIGENCE HAS BRIDGED SPACE AND TIME TO MOVER INSCRUTABLY IN A PLACE OF FANTASY...

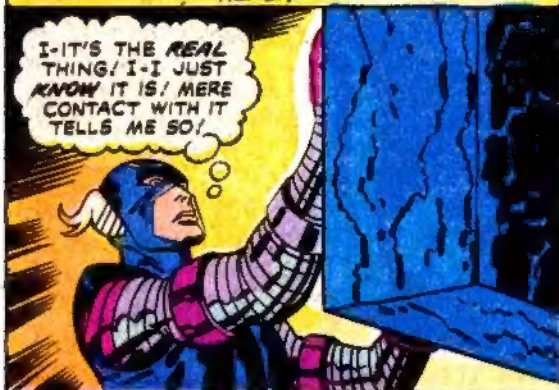


I-IT'S A MONOLITH!-- LIKE THE ONE THEY FOUND ON THE MOON IN 2001 A.D.

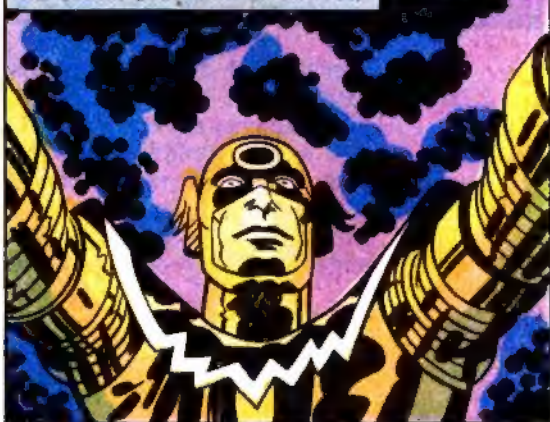


THE WHITE ZERO'S HEAD BUZZES WITH QUESTIONS. HE KNOWS THAT THE SCALE MODEL OF THE MONOLITH WHOSE MYSTERIOUS APPEARANCES IN THE PAST HAVE BEEN RECORDED, IS SUPPOSED TO BE ON DISPLAY AT THE SMITHSONIAN MUSEUM. BUT, WHAT IS IT DOING HERE? HOW WAS IT BROUGHT HERE?

I-IT'S THE REAL THING! I-I JUST KNOW IT IS! MERE CONTACT WITH IT TELLS ME SO!



"MERE CONTACT" UNDERSTATES THE EXPERIENCE! COMMUNICATION BETWEEN THE MONOLITH AND MAN TRANSCENDS THE SPOKEN WORD. THE WHITE ZERO IS SILENT--BUT HE IS IN UNION WITH THE SOUNDS OF THE STARS...



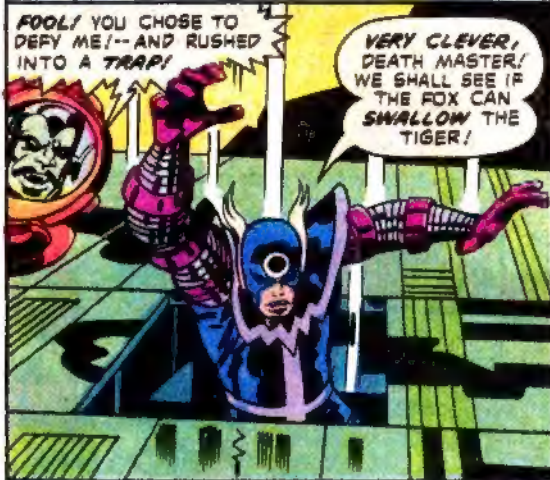
NEVER BEFORE HAS THE YOUNG MAN BEEN SO AWARE. NEVER BEFORE HAS THE ESSENCE OF HIS BEING SOARED OUTWARD AND EMBRACED THE STRUCTURE OF THE UNIVERSE...



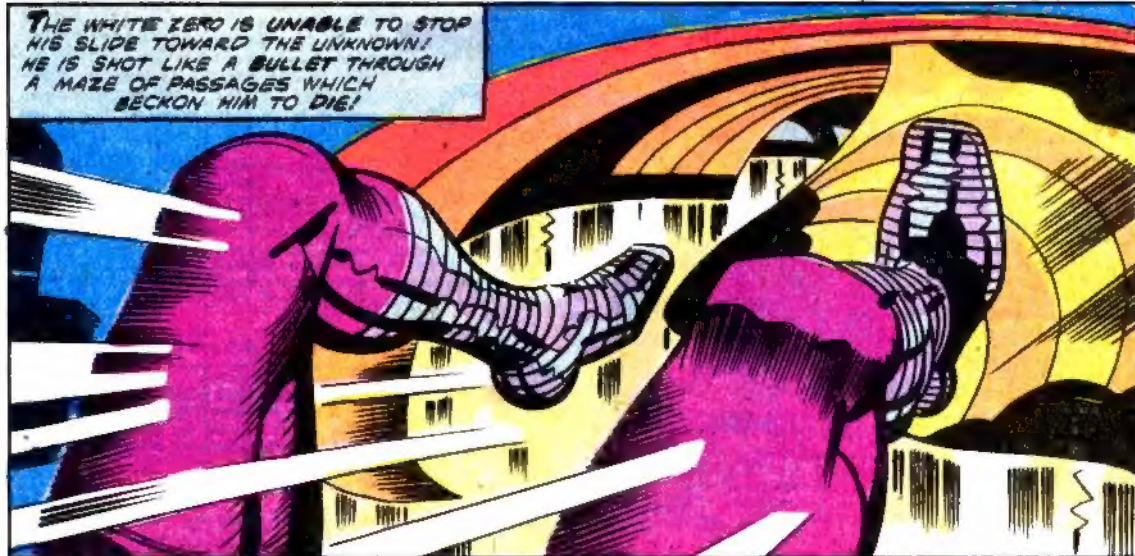
BUT, THIS INCREDIBLE REVERIE IS SUDDENLY BROUGHT TO AN ABRUPT END!

FOOL! YOU CHOSE TO DEFEY ME!--AND RUSHED INTO A TRAP!

VERY CLEVER, DEATH MASTER! WE SHALL SEE IF THE FOX CAN SWALLOW THE TIGER!

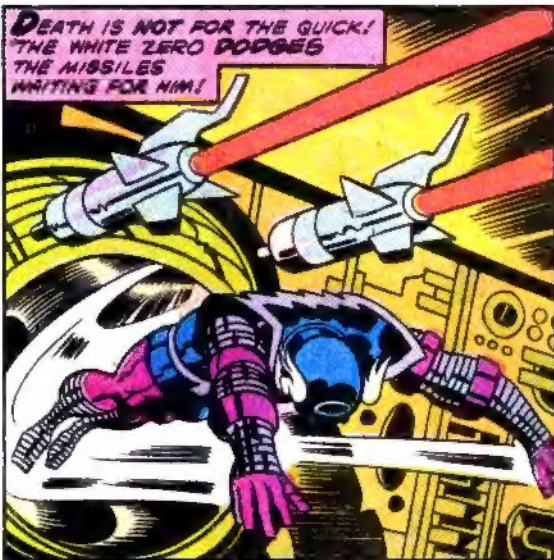


THE WHITE ZERO IS UNABLE TO STOP HIS SLIDE TOWARD THE UNKNOWN! HE IS SHOT LIKE A BULLET THROUGH A MAZE OF PASSAGES WHICH BECKON HIM TO DIE!





DEATH IS NOT FOR THE QUICK!  
THE WHITE ZERO DODGES  
THE MISSILES  
WAITING FOR HIM!



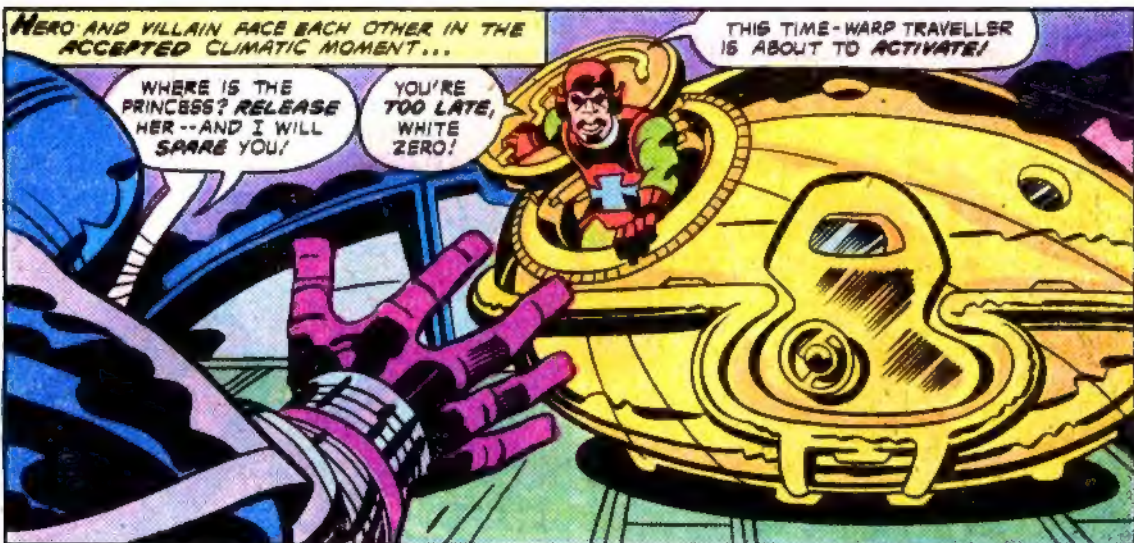
YOU  
MISSED ME,  
DEATH MASTER!  
THAT WAS A  
FATAL  
MISTAKE!

HERO AND VILLAIN FACE EACH OTHER IN THE  
ACCEPTED CLIMATIC MOMENT...

WHERE IS THE  
PRINCESS? RELEASE  
HER--AND I WILL  
SPARE YOU!

YOU'RE  
TOO LATE,  
WHITE  
ZERO!

THIS TIME-WARP TRAVELLER  
IS ABOUT TO ACTIVATE!



MY HOSTAGE AND I WILL BE  
LIGHT YEARS FROM HERE--  
IN ANOTHER FIVE  
SECONDS!

NO, YOU  
WON'T!

ZAP!

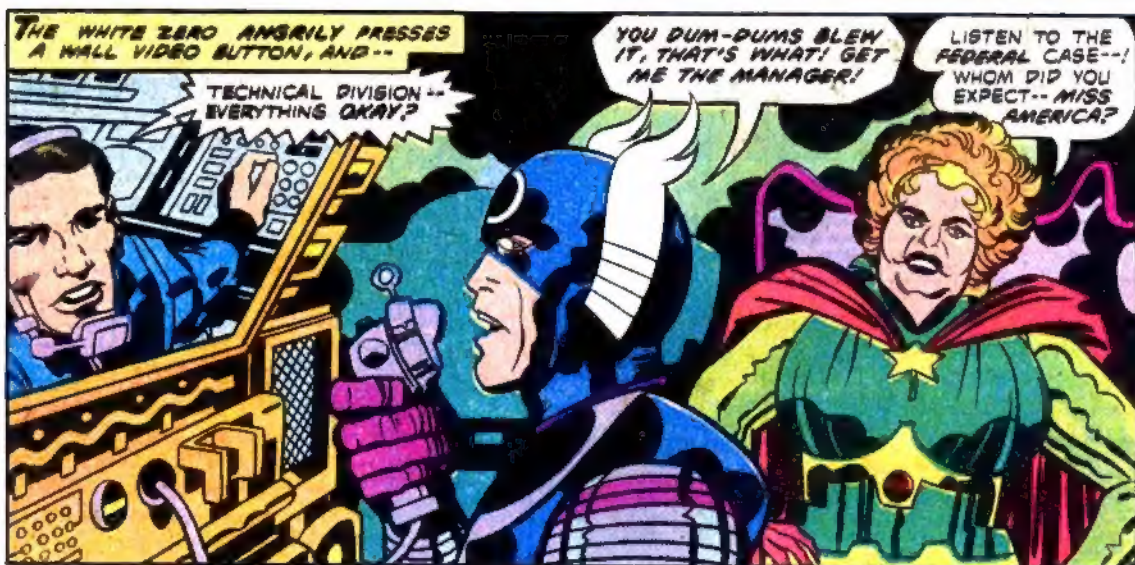


THE METHOD VARIES--BUT THE FORMAT NEVER  
CHANGES. A VILLAIN MUST PAY FOR HIS  
CRIMES--THUS, DEATH MASTER DISINTEGRATES  
AND VANISHES...

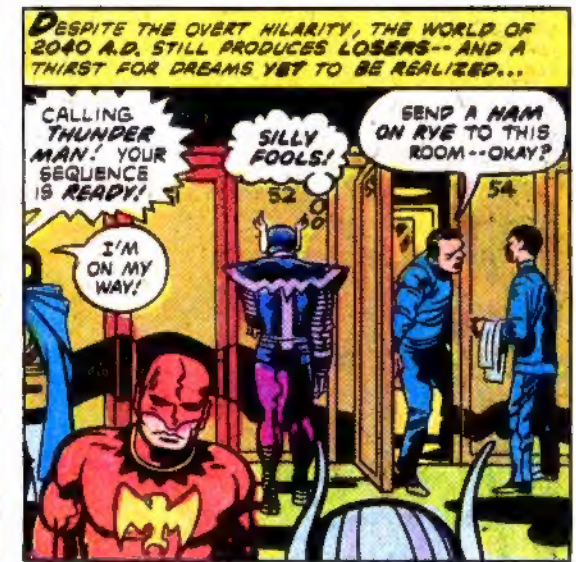
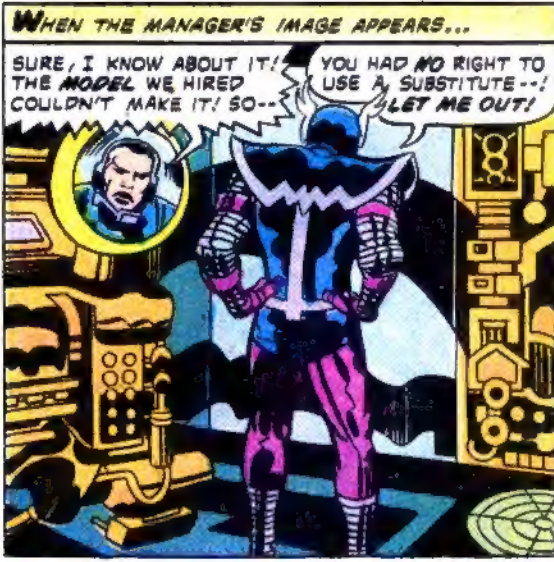
NEFARIOUS FELON! HE  
FORGOT ABOUT THE  
POWER IN MY  
RAY GLOVES!













A PREDICTABLE SADNESS OVERTAKES THE WHITE ZERO. IN THE TINY CUBICLE SUPPLIED TO HIM BY THE MANAGEMENT OF COMICSVILLE, HE PREPARES TO RE-ENTER THE SMALLER CORNER OF SOCIETY THAT HE OCCUPIES...

YOU'VE HAD IT, WHITE ZERO. WE'RE JUST NOT MADE FOR EACH OTHER...

RETURN  
COSTUM  
AT FRU  
DESK

FOR SOME PEOPLE IN THE YEAR 2040 A.D., THE ART OF SUBSTITUTION DOESN'T WORK! WHITE ZERO'S HELMET AND HEROIC FOAM RUBBER FACE ARE REMOVED AS ONE PIECE. REALITY AND HARVEY NORTON HAVE RETURNED...

THE DOOR'S OPEN! TRY TURNING THE KNOB!

KNOCK!  
KNOCK!  
KNOCK!

I'M THE PROPRIETOR, MISTER NORTON. I KNOW ABOUT THE PROBLEM, BUT IF YOU'RE THINKING ABOUT A REFUND OF ADMISSION FEES, YOU MUST BE REMINDED THAT THE CONTRACT YOU SIGNED MAKES NO MENTION OF A SPECIFIC GIRL FOR YOUR SUPER-HERO SEQUENCE--

SURE!  
SURE!  
--I GET THE DRIFT!

KEEP THE MONEY. YOUR GIMMICK WITH THE MONOLITH WAS A GOOD TRIP! IT DID WONDERS FOR ME AND WAS WORTH THE EXPENSE!

I-I DON'T UNDERSTAND-- WE HAVEN'T GOT A MONOLITH! --BUT, IF YOU SAY SO, I WON'T ARGUE THE POINT!

MY GUESS IS THAT YOU'RE A TYPE WHO YEARS FOR REAL ADVENTURE, BUT HESITATES TO TAKE THE LEAP!

WHY DON'T YOU JOIN THE SPACE PROGRAM! YOU SEEM FIT! THEY NEED GOOD MEN TO EXPLORE THE PLANETS!

THANKS FOR THE ADVICE. I'LL SEND YOU A WIRE AS SOON AS I LAND ON PLUTO!

DON'T SLAM THE DOOR ON YOUR WAY OUT!

HARVEY NORTON DISCARDS THE HOLLOW GLAMOUR OF THE WHITE ZERO AND ONCE AGAIN FACES THE DRAB REALITY OF HIS EXISTENCE...

COMICSVILLE

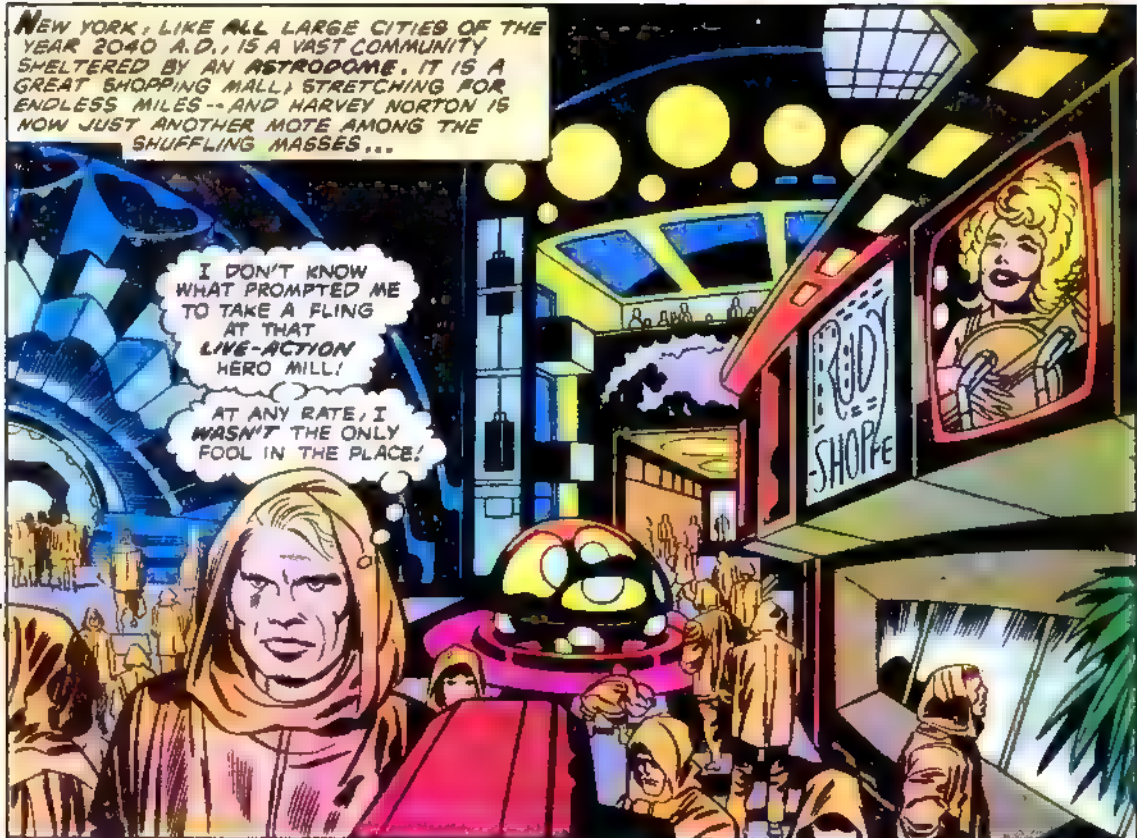
AND AS COMICSVILLE SINKS INTO ITS OWN PRETENSE, WE SAY HELLO TO THE CHEERY, BUSTLING, EVER-GROWING METROPOLITAN CITY OF NEW YORK!



NEW YORK, LIKE ALL LARGE CITIES OF THE YEAR 2040 A.D., IS A VAST COMMUNITY SHELTERED BY AN ASTRODOME. IT IS A GREAT SHOPPING MALL, STRETCHING FOR ENDLESS MILES-- AND HARVEY NORTON IS NOW JUST ANOTHER MOTE AMONG THE SHUFFLING MASSES...

I DON'T KNOW WHAT PROMPTED ME TO TAKE A FLING AT THAT LIVE-ACTION HERO MILL!

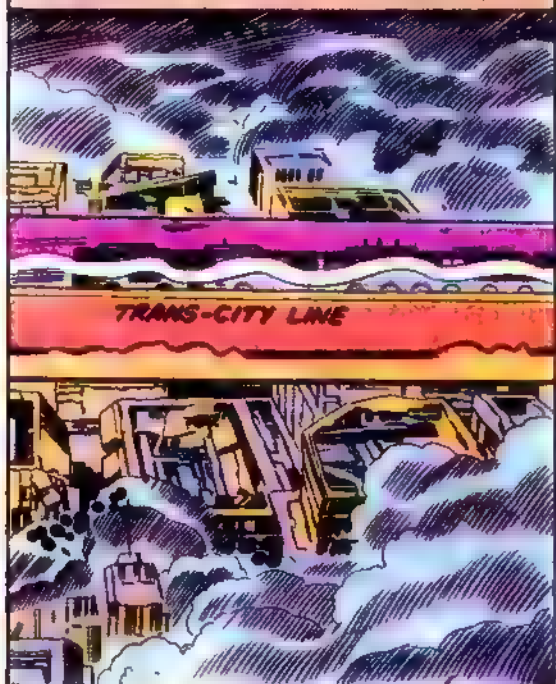
AT ANY RATE, I WASN'T THE ONLY FOOL IN THE PLACE!



THE AUTOMATED SUBWAYS ARE EFFICIENT, AND AS ALWAYS, OVERCROWDED AND OVERUSED. THE AUTOMOBILE HAS BEEN SCRAPPED, ONLY POLITICIANS BUY THE FEW THAT ARE LEFT-- AS SYMBOLS OF PRESTIGE...

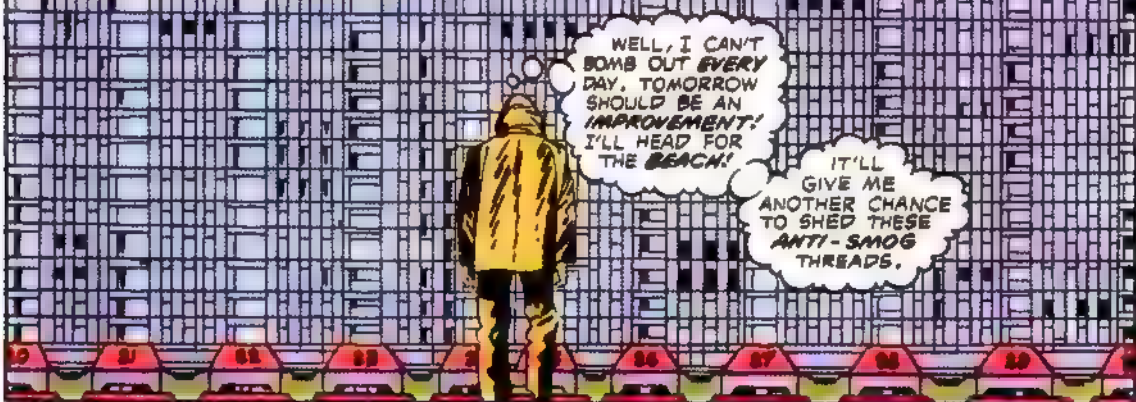


SMOG IS THE MASTER "OUTSIDE". YEARS OF APATHY HAVE ALLOWED IT TO THICKEN UNTIL IT REMAINS TO FOUL THE AIR FOR CENTURIES TO COME. HARVEY SEES IT FROM THE WINDOWS OF HIS TRAIN. HE SEES IT ROTTING THE STRUCTURES IN THE ABANDONED DISTRICTS. HE ACCEPTS IT LIKE ALL THE OTHERS...





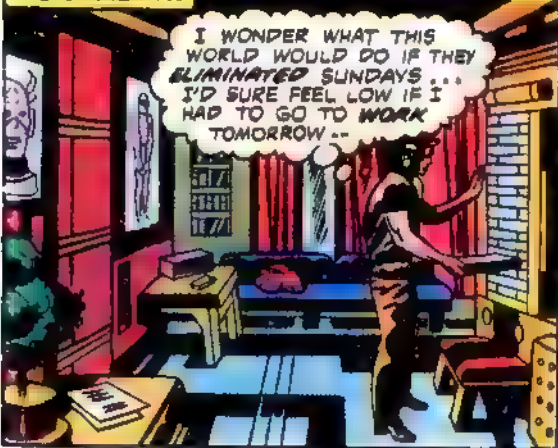
**HARVEY FINALLY REACHES THE HOUSING AREA, A MASSIVE COMPLEX IN WHICH MILLIONS LIVE AND PONDER UPON THE DIRECTION OF THEIR LIVES IN A WORLD OF DISTORTED VISIONS...**



WELL, I CAN'T BOMB OUT **EVERY** DAY. TOMORROW SHOULD BE AN **IMPROVEMENT!** I'LL HEAD FOR THE **BEACH!**

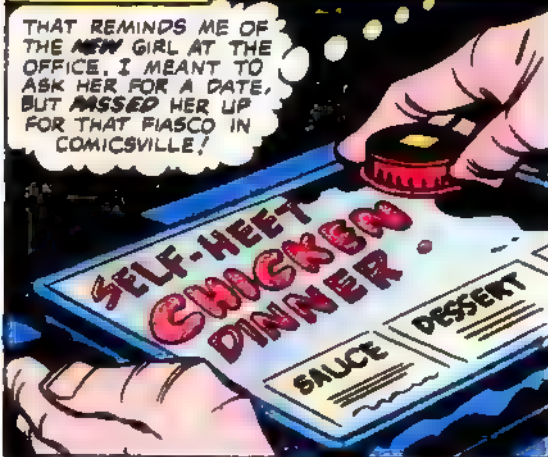
IT'LL GIVE ME ANOTHER CHANCE TO SHED THESE **ANTI-SMOG** THREADS.

**HOME, FOR A SINGLE MAN, IS SMALL BUT COMFORTABLE. HARVEY CHECKS OUT THE ROW OF FOOD IN HIS MINI-MARKET AND CHOOSES HIS DINNER...**



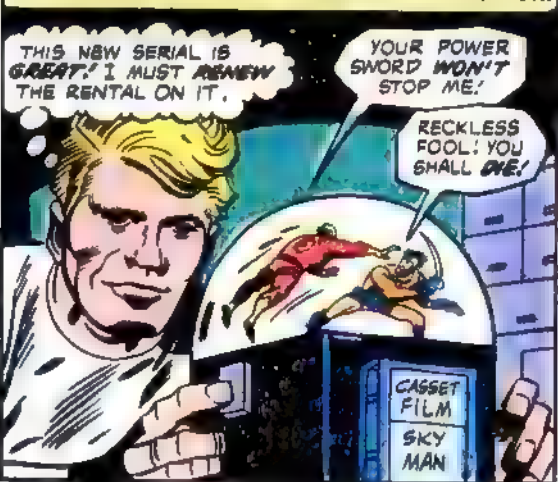
I WONDER WHAT THIS WORLD WOULD DO IF THEY **ELIMINATED SUNDAYS**... I'D SURE FEEL LOW IF I HAD TO GO TO WORK TOMORROW...

**MEALS ARE COMMERCIALLY PLANNED AND HEATED BY DIAL UNITS WHICH ARE PART OF THE PACKAGE...**



THAT REMINDS ME OF THE **NEW** GIRL AT THE OFFICE. I MEANT TO ASK HER FOR A DATE, BUT **PASSED** HER UP FOR THAT **FIASCO** IN **COMICSVILLE!**

**HOLOGRAM BOXES ARE THE OFFSPRING OF TELEVISION, CASSETTE FILM IS TRANSLATED INTO AMUSING THREE DIMENSIONAL VISUALS...**

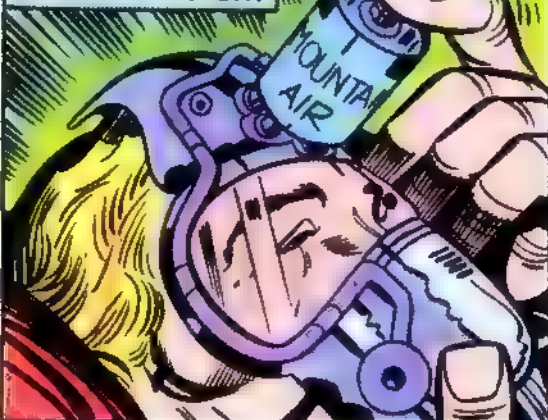


THIS NEW SERIAL IS **GREAT!** I MUST **RENEW** THE RENTAL ON IT.

YOUR POWER SWORD **WON'T** STOP ME!

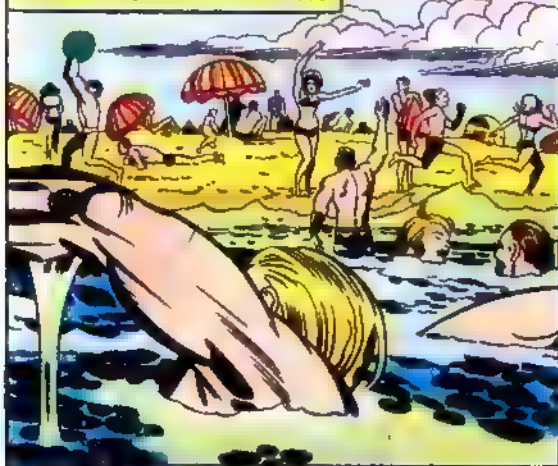
RECKLESS FOOL! YOU SHALL **DIE!**

**HARVEY LATER ALLOWS HIMSELF THE LUXURY OF INHALING A CYLINDER OF FRESH AIR, IMPORTED FROM A REMOTE AND UNPOLLUTED REGION. AT FIFTEEN DOLLARS A CAN, IT PROVIDES A BRIEF MOMENT OF HOPE...**

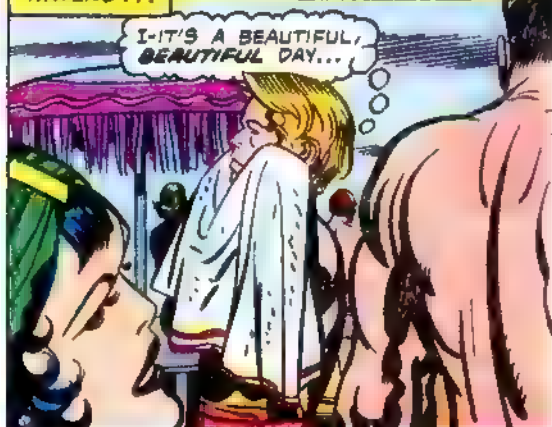




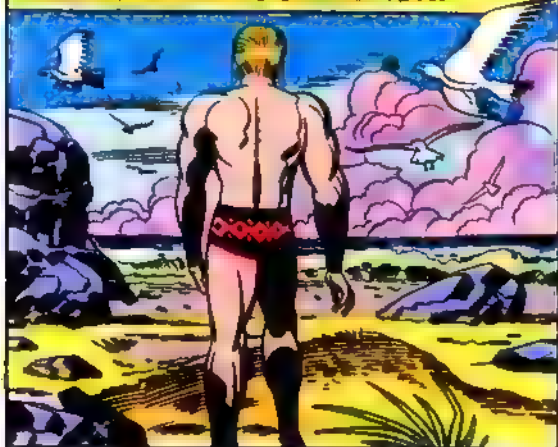
THE FOLLOWING DAY, HARVEY IS AMONG THOSE WHO FLOCK TO THE PUBLIC BEACH ON LONG ISLAND. IT IS INVIGORATING TO SWIM IN THE COOL RECYCLED WATER...



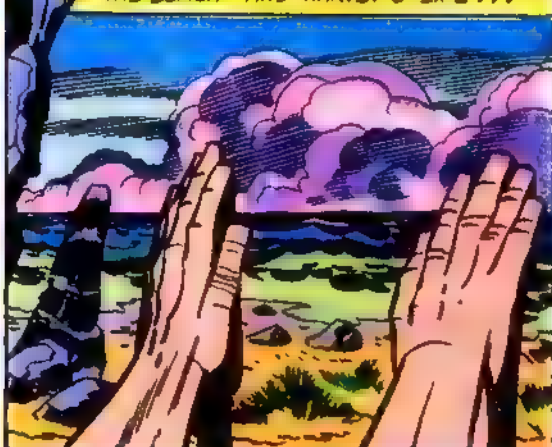
DESPITE THE CROWD, THERE IS A FEELING OF SPACE HERE. THE SKY IS BRIGHT AND UNBOUNDED. SEA BIRDS WHEEL IN THE ENDLESS BLUE. THE CLOUDS ARE IMMACULATE AND HANG LIKE WHITE COTTON ABOVE THE CALM WATERS...



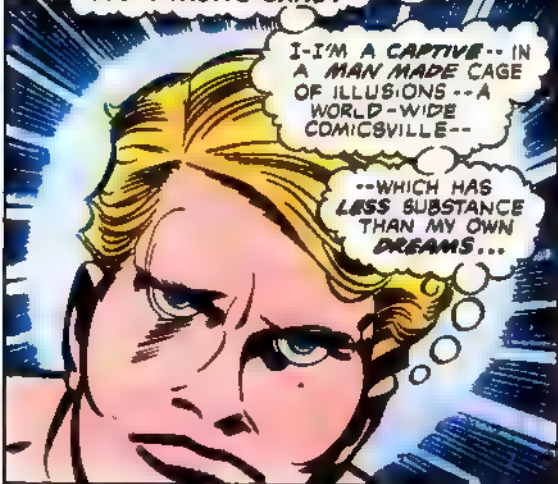
HARVEY WANDERS TO THE FARTHEST EDGE OF THE BEACH. THE HORIZON IS AN OVERWHELMING MARVEL THAT FILLS HIM WITH A SENSE OF FREEDOM BEYOND HIS EXPERIENCE...



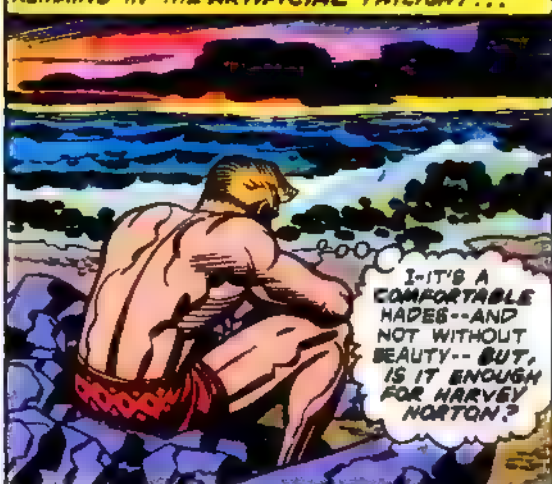
BUT, IT'S ALL A MIRAGE! --JUST ANOTHER HOLOGRAM PROJECTED ON THE LARGE WALLS THAT ENCLOSE THE BEACH--AND HARVEY'S LIFE...



I-IT'S NOT REAL! IT'S FILM AND SOLAR LAMPS! IT'S WAVE MACHINES AND PLASTIC SAND!



IT IS A TIME FOR LENGTHY REFLECTION. LONG AFTER THE CROWD THINS OUT, HARVEY REMAINS IN THE ARTIFICIAL TWILIGHT...





**SUDDENLY--!**

WHA--!?

I-IT'S THE  
MONOLITH!  
H-HOW DID  
IT GET  
HERE!??

**MORE FANTASTIC THAN THE MOST IMAGINATIVE  
GIMMICK IN THIS MOCK ENVIRONMENT, THE  
MONOLITH IS ITS OWN EXPLANATION--IT IS  
ALIEN--AND REAL TO THE TOUCH...**



**HARVEY CLINGS TO THE REALITY! HE  
FLATTENS HIS PALMS AGAINST THE SING-  
ING STONE AND LETS THE REALITY OF IT  
POUR THROUGH HIM IN A WONDEROUS  
RENEWAL OF LIFE...**

THIS THING IS **TRULY**  
FROM THE STARS--THE VAST  
**UNEXPLORED UNIVERSE!**

**THE UNEXPLORED UNIVERSE, THE LAST  
FRONTIER OF REALITY--BOUNDLESS ROOM  
FOR ONE MAN'S EXPANDING SPIRIT. THE  
MONOLITH FADES IN A BRIGHT FLASH!--  
BUT LEAVES ITS MESSAGE IN HARVEY'S  
BRAIN...**



**SOON AFTER ...**

SO, I HAVE A **CHOICE**, AFTER  
ALL! THE QUESTION IS: DO I  
HAVE THE **GUTS** TO RISK THE  
PERILS OF **DEEP SPACE**?

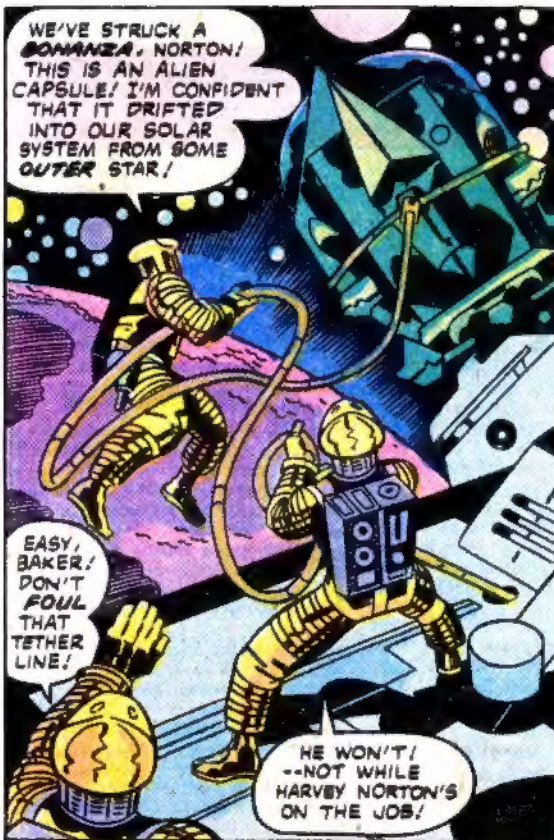
I-I'VE  
GOT TO  
FIND  
OUT!  
I **MUST!**

**DETERMINED, FIT AND QUALIFIED, HARVEY  
DOES IT! HE BECOMES A TRAINEE IN THE  
SPACE PROGRAM! IN TWO YEARS HE STANDS  
IN ORBIT--1000 MILES ABOVE THE  
PLANET NEPTUNE...**

BRING IT IN! WE'RE  
STANDING BY!









**AN HOUR LATER...**

THERE'S NO MISTAKING THE COMPUTER "READ-OUT"! IT'S **ORGANIC, ALIVE**, AND BREATHES OUR AIR. X-RAYS WON'T PENETRATE THE CAPSULE. PERHAPS A SONAR TECHNIQUE WOULD--

UNTIL WE GET A PICTURE OF WHAT THAT THING LOOKS LIKE--I'M PREPARED TO FLOOD THE CHAMBER WITH **CYANIDE GAS!**

HOLD IT, HIT MAN! THE CAPSULE'S **OPENING!** WE MAY GET TO MEET OUR **VISITOR**, AFTER ALL!



**HARVEY NORTON'S CAREER IN SPACE IS PAYING OFF!** HE HAS NOT ONLY ACHIEVED A SENSE OF FREEDOM, BUT IS NOW FACING THE MOST EXCITING OF REALITIES...

THE CAPSULE'S OCCUPANT IS STRANGE TO BEHOLD, BUT SHE IS SOMEHOW STRIKINGLY BEAUTIFUL... SHE IS THE LIVING INCARNATION OF HARVEY'S WILDEST FANTASIES!

REMEMBER THAT, NORTON! SHE'S **SOMETHING ELSE!** --ALIEN-- AND POSSIBLY--**LETHAL!**

I-I SEE HIM! --I MEAN **HER!** IT'S A **GIRL!** SHE'S SITTING UP!

**MAN!** LOOK AT HER! SHE'S **REALLY** SOMETHING ELSE!





AT THAT MOMENT, THE FIRST SHOCK STRIKES THE SPACECRAFT AND SENDS THE ASTRONAUTS REELING OFF BALANCE...

LOOK OUT--!!



W-WHAT'S THAT?!

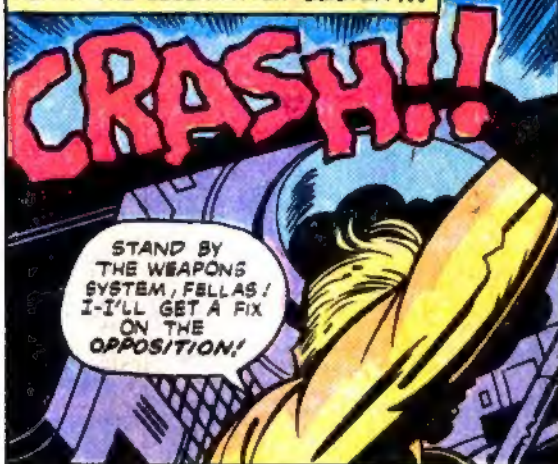
THE SECOND SHOCK SEEMS TO SHAKE LOOSE EVERY NUT, BOLT, AND RIVET IN THE SHIP!



WE'RE UNDER ATTACK!

B-BUT WHO'S THE ENEMY?!

EVEN AS THE VESSEL IS ROCKED BY THE THIRD HAMMER-BLOW, NORTON SCRAMBLES TO REACH THE OBSERVATION BLISTER...



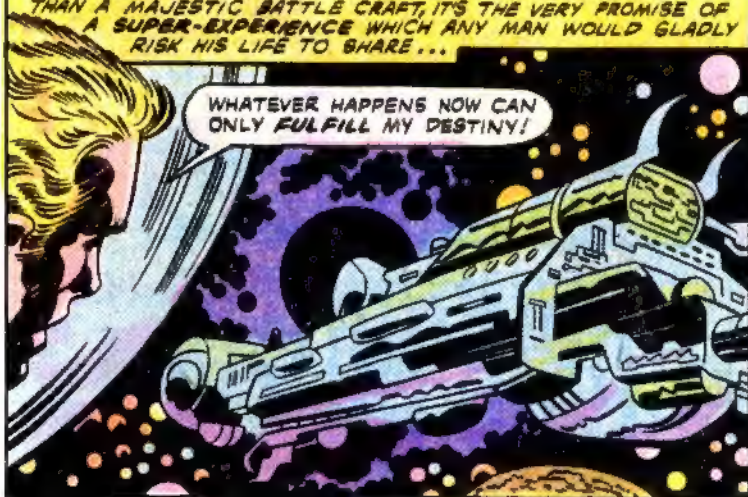
STAND BY THE WEAPONS SYSTEM, FELLAS! I-I'LL GET A FIX ON THE OPPOSITION!

HARVEY'S FEARS ARE SOMEHOW SUPPRESSED BY A FEELING OF SHARP ANTICIPATION. THESE EVENTS HAVE SUPPLIED THE ELEMENT SO SORELY LACKING IN HIS LIFE...



THE FIRING HAS STOPPED! I-I GUESS IT WAS A SHOW OF POWER, INSTEAD OF AN ATTEMPT TO DESTROY US!

NO TECHNICAL MIRACLE IN COMICSVILLE CAN SURPASS THE OVERWHELMING SIGHT OF THE ALIEN SPACE GIANT. MORE THAN A MAJESTIC BATTLE CRAFT, IT'S THE VERY PROMISE OF A SUPER-EXPERIENCE WHICH ANY MAN WOULD GLADLY RISK HIS LIFE TO SHARE...



WHATEVER HAPPENS NOW CAN ONLY FULFILL MY DESTINY!

WHATEVER HAPPENS NOW WILL THRILL US ALL!!

COME ALONG FOR THE WILDEST ODYSSEY YET!

THE CLIMAX IS A SPACE-OUT!

NEXT:

INTER-GALACTICA